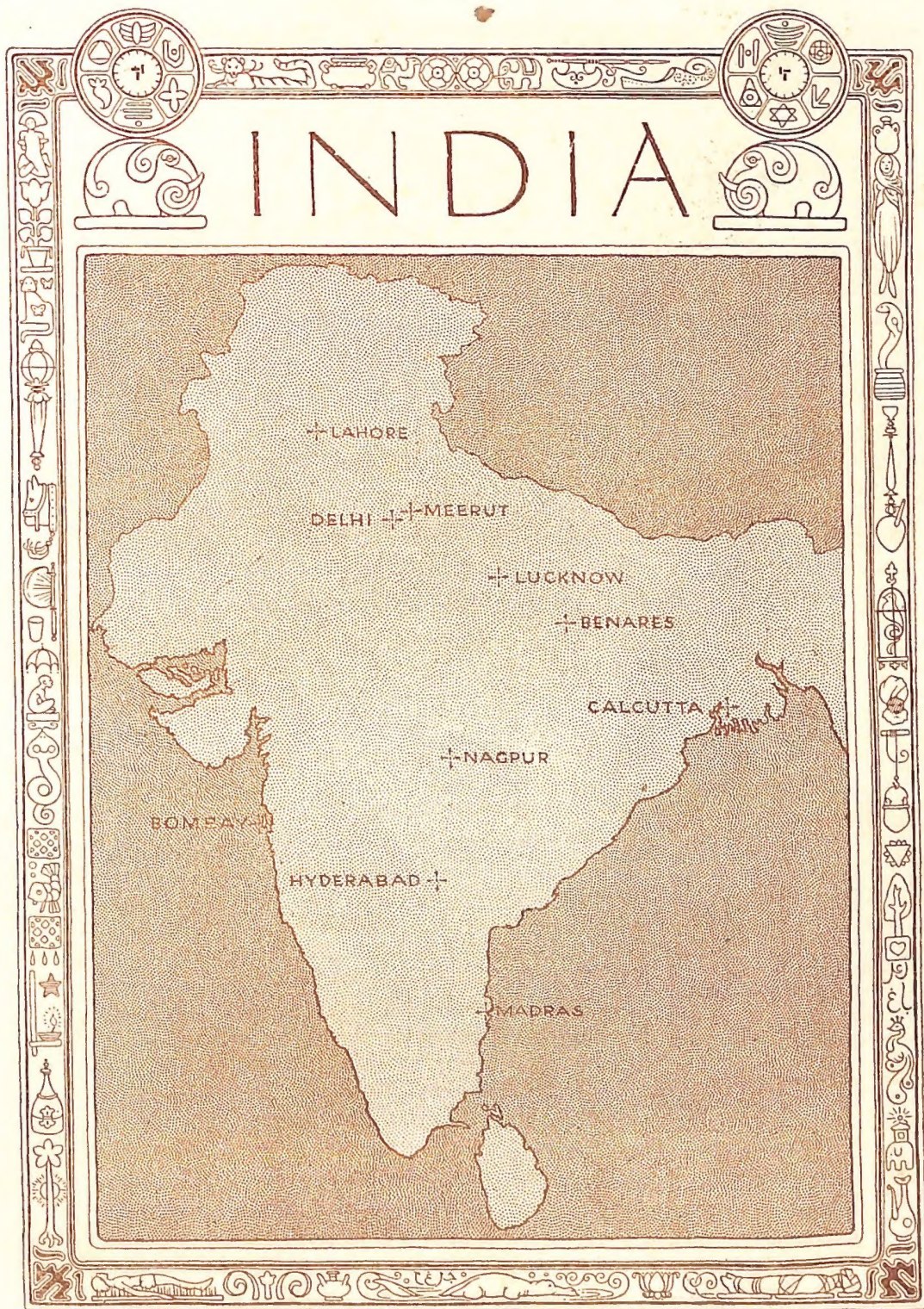


# NEW ETCHINGS OF OLD INDIA

B·T·BADLEY







And they *will*,—why shouldn't they?

"Tell me something else that impressed you, Paltan Singh," I said, genuinely interested.

"Well, Sahib, you seem to understand us people, and our language, and I will be frank with you. I wish our women were educated like yours. Now I have a sister at home. She is thirteen, a beautiful girl, but she is as ignorant as the *tota* (parrot) shut up in our iron cage. She is like the *tota*, all she knows is just what she has heard others say. Sahib, if that girl, full of spirit and natural intelligence, could be put through the high school and college, she would be the equal of any Miss Sahiba I have ever seen! But here she doesn't know her Aliph-bey (her a-b-c's) and is to be married in a few months. In the next ten years she will have eight children; her beauty will be gone at twenty-five, and at thirty-five she will be just another ignorant old woman in India!"

His eyes were shining. I saw the light in them, kindled by what he had seen in France and England. I wanted to hear more—it sounded a new note of encouragement to the missionary's heart.

"Do you think there is anything you can do to change this sad state of affairs in India?" I asked.

"I think so, Sahib. We young soldiers have been talking about this, and have agreed that in all our communities and *panchayats* (village councils) we will urge education for our girls. What we need, Sahib, is to wake ourselves up! You missionaries have always advised us to educate our girls, the Government has encouraged us to send our girls to school, but we, slow fools that our ignorant people are, have not done it, fearing that it would spoil our women!"

"And now do you think that it will not?"

A distant and tender look came over his young face, and he said more to himself than to me.

"If Shanti, my little wife up in Amritsar, could only sit beside my bed, as I am wrapped up in my *razai* (heavy cotton quilt) drawing deep draughts from my pipe, and read me the stories of our great heroes of the days gone by, and of the great mutiny when we Sikhs took Delhi, led by the great Nikalsen Sahib (John Nicholson, the young hero of the siege and storming of Delhi), a new light of joy would have come into our home."

"I'll tell you, Sahib," he continued reminiscing. "I saw a beautiful young nurse sit by the bed-side of a wounded English soldier reading a long story. The young Kaptan Sahib (Captain) would scarcely take his eyes off her sweet and tender face—to tell the truth, Sahib, I kept looking at her, too. It was a new and beautiful picture to me. And when I think of my own home in the village, Sahib, there's something lacking in it now for this soldier coming back. I would not have felt it otherwise, but, Sahib, what we have seen and experienced across the



great Kalapani (black water, i. e. ocean) as we used to call it, has changed things for us. We can never go back to where we were before."

His words touched me deeply, and I did not know just what to say, but he continued—

"You know, Sahib, we have a word *biradari* (brotherhood). It sounds something like a word they used at the Front in speaking of companionship or fellowship. It does not come to my mind."



He paused. "Camaraderie?" I ventured.

"That's it, Sahib—the very word, Camaradri! Now, Sahib, *that* is the thing we Indian men don't find in our wives! If we only had that?"

"Well, Paltan Singh," I said earnestly, "it is the fault of you men that you have not. You have always considered your women beneath you. You have not educated them, and the thing is impossible under present conditions. Look at the young Punjabi, Bengali, and other ladies that graduate from our Christian college for women at Lucknow, or even from our high schools, and you will all see that they are intellectually the equals of any of the young men. Companionship is possible with them?"

"O, I know it, Sahib," he broke in. "We have seen our mistake and have learned our lesson. The young men back from Europe are all



agreed. But will our fathers and our older brothers see it now? Will our religious and social leaders take the necessary steps to change matters? This is the thing that is in our minds. We are a very conservative people, Sahib, and our women are worse in this than our men! But still—yes—there is hope,” he ended, brightening up. “We soldiers have finished our fighting in the trenches—now we will begin at home!” He laughed and so did I.

“Paltan Singh,” said I, a new idea coming into my mind, “I’ll tell you what I think ought to be your first objective in this great campaign you are planning to start here in India. Keep that fine young sister of yours from getting married and send her to school!”

The soldier in him was alert. He saw the possibility of a fight, sure enough.

“Well, Sahib, that *would* take a ‘paltan’ of soldiers,” he exclaimed, punning on his own name. “But,” he continued, “it is not impossible!”

“I’ll tell you where you can look for some help. Go to the Principal, Miss Sahiba of our Methodist school for girls at Lahore. She may be able to bring some persuasion to bear on your people. And remember that every missionary is your friend in this great work of bringing enlightenment to the girls and women of India.”

And so Paltan Singh and I parted. As I left him to continue his journey to Amritsar, I knew that I had seen a real harbinger of India’s new day—a day that this war will so greatly hasten. Thus is the war having its reaction on lands far removed from the scenes of the European conflict.

Paltan Singh comes back from France and England, dreaming of better agricultural methods and of an educated womanhood for India. Others come back with new ideas and plans that touch other interests in their great land. And so it comes about that the soldiers bring back to India not only their wounds and shattered bodies, but a vision of better things, and a determination to see them reproduced in their native land.

Perhaps Paltan Singh’s wounds were worth while!





# THEOPHILUS RANDOLPH HARRISON ALIAS GANESH



**T**HEOPHILUS RANDOLPH HARRISON, star cricketer and prize orator of the American Mission Institute at "Walayatnagar," was self-named, if not self-made. He has just delighted a large mixed audience of Europeans and Indians at the annual literary entertainment of the college by delivering a fervid and flowery oration in English on "India's Glory—Past, Present and Future." To a few among his hearers Mr. T. R. Harrison was a standing wonder. But that must have been because they knew he was just little Ganesh, grown up.



I had first seen him fifteen years before. I was on a tour through the villages, and on the outskirts of one came upon a shallow pond, almost dried up and with the blackest of black mud. Four youngsters were playing in the slime, pretending to be water-buffaloes. One of them acted the part to perfection as he lay on his side, up to the neck in the soft mud, chewing his "cud," occasionally rolling from one side to the other, and frequently grunting in that long drawn-out, instalment-plan, despairing groan that characterizes the dear old buffalo of India. It was Ganesh! The children had not caught sight of me, or the small herd of buffalo would have been instantly transformed into one of black



slimy deer, making for the cover of the brush as fast as two feet could carry any small creature.

Toward evening, as I was leaving the village for the tent, pitched in the mango tope, I met the same group of youngsters, each with a cotton cloth tied around the loins and a larger piece wrapped around the head. They were riding their buffaloes home. Ganesh was on the leading buffalo, perched, facing backwards, on the extreme end of the huge lumbering beast. He sang in a high key, not over-musical—

“A re Koko ja re Koko  
Jangal pakke ber;  
Baba mera khane mangta  
Damri ke do ser.”

“Haste thee, fairy, hie thee fairy,  
Jungle plums are sweet;  
Two whole pounds for just a penny,  
Baby wants to eat.”

The singer well knew the sweetness of the jungle *bers*, and even then was fairly full of them, not anticipating much in the way of supper.

He had in his hands a short, heavy stick, with which he touched up the high, bony parts of the buffalo when its speed did not suit him.

“Why don’t you twist his tail?” I spoke up as the unconcerned Jehu came along.

Ganesh was right-about-face in an instant, and when he saw it was a white-faced Sahib, he slipped off his mount and made one of those delightfully awkward *salaams* that the unspoiled villager can present you. My first question having failed to draw a reply, I put another.

“Why are you not in school?”

“Who would then graze the buffaloes?” was his reply in the Indian way of answering one question with another. At five years of age, he was worth his salt in the family of an *Ahir* (cowherd).

And so I left little Ganesh with his question ringing in my ears. And I knew that there were 30,000 Methodist boys of school-going age in India who would answer the question about school in a similar way—“Who would then tend the goats?” “Who would then carry the fodder for the oxen?” “Who would then scour the jungle for dry wood to burn?” And their sisters—fully 30,000 of them—“Who would then polish the *thali* and *lota*?” (cooking utensils), “Who would then carry home the *ghara* (water-pot) from the well?” “Who would then carry the baby around?” (Astride the left hip!)

Before I had reached my tent that night I had made up my mind to get little Ganesh into school—even if all the goats, cows and buffaloes



in Hindustan should be ungrazed, and the fire-wood in all the jungles of India should be ungathered!

And so Ganesh got into the village primary school, where he did so well that he was sent on to our district Boarding School, and it was from there he had come to our High School.



When Ganesh got into the High School, he decided on a change of name. A patron in America had assumed his support (\$30 a year), and twice a year this distant friend in America received a letter from his *protégé* in India. The third letter he received surprised him. The style and language were characteristic, but the signature puzzled him. Here is Ganesh's letter in his own language:

"My loving Patron,

"I humbly beg to lay a few lines, stating my humble compliments to you at this convenient period.

"I have received the most pleasing and sincere letter, which was written by my American brother in Jesus Christ. I had welcomed it on the 26th of January at 11 a.m. in the school while we were enjoying the British History. Though it was



a letter, I found it as a book of learning. Whenever I read a book, I mark a particular thing. In the same way, I was forced to underline some words, while reading your letter.

"Yes, I wanted to write you a long letter, describing about myself as you did. But ask your pardon this time. Yet, if you are anxious to know about myself, I gladly drop a very short account of myself.

"My father had died in the end of the nineteenth century, when there was a great pestilence in the land. Our mother was old. She was not able to support us. My elder brother was five years old and perhaps I was two years old. Though our earthly father had died, the Heavenly Father was living. We are saved by His mercy and your help from that great terrible time of distresses. I have grown up here in the school under the care of the Missionaries. I did not know anything about books and learning; but as the years passed I knew it.

"I learn English language for six years. I try my very best to make a good progress in this language. I thank you very much for the help. By which I may become a good Christian boy and can work faithfully in the name of Jesus Christ in the land where the black clouds hang without Christianity.

"Please offer my loving and humble compliments to the sister, father and mother, if I mistake not.

"May God bless you always, I am

"Yours sincerely,

"Theophilus Randolph Harrison."

To the letter there was a P.S. which explained the change in signature. It read:—

"Though the signature is different but the boy is the same. English name is now the fashion, also it brings more respect and better prospect. My relatives in village are proud of new name, and I trust my American patron too pleased. Some day your humble T.R.H. hopes new name may become well known throughout Province.

"T.R.H."

Thus disappeared Ganesh, named in the village for the Hindu god of wisdom, the elephant-headed monstrosity. What need to bear the name around when real wisdom had come!

Three or four years in the city high school did wonders for the lad, with the touch of the primary school and "Middle" school already on him. Then came the college course, and now as he graduates, and stands there giving such eloquent expression to the thought of



the new world into which Christian education has ushered him, is it strange that some of us should wonder? Is it strange that the missionary should also rejoice?

If this can be done for Ganesh, why not for Gazraj, for Mangal, for Piyare, for Moti, for Itwari—and all the rest of them? Can one be satisfied to have a chance at only two out of every five? Can it be afforded in the India of today, when trained leadership is indispensable to the success of Christianity? The high schools and colleges await the coming of scores and hundreds of transformed *Ganeshes* as well as boys of the higher castes. May they come soon!

Listen to the quondam Ganesh, as he closes his oration on this occasion.

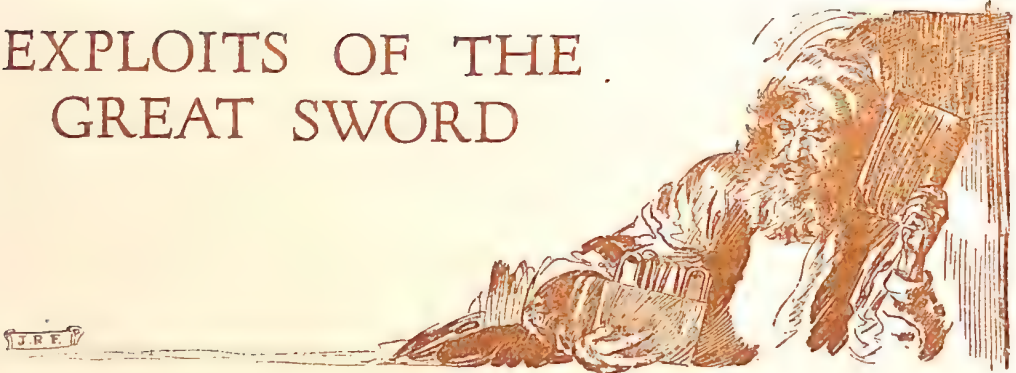
“India’s past may be studied but cannot be altered. India’s future is unknown, but must be shaped by us. The destinies of our land lie in the hands not of the millions but of the few thousands who are prepared to assume the great responsibilities of leadership. The Moham-medan may bring to the task great energy and executive ability of a high order. The Hindu may bring a keen mind, and the power of deep philosophic thinking. The Christian alone can combine with those elements the spirituality that will assure strength of character in life and national integrity in action. India’s future is in the hands of those who have placed themselves in the hands of Christ!”

And *these* are the men who are in our Christian schools and colleges.





# EXPLOITS OF THE GREAT SWORD



"**H**ATIGANJ JUNKSHUN," drawled the beturbaned railway employee as he ambled up and down the broad platforms of the station at the junction. He was earning his four dollars a month!

After him came a man with a broad brass tray loaded with sweet-meats, then a fruit man, next a man with full length, uncut sugarcane stalks guaranteed to yield sweet juice from either end, and after him the now inevitable, ubiquitous cigarette-wala, selling the vilest American tobacco product at prices that were within reach even of the pitifully poor Indian people who traveled on the train with us. Then the procession showed a man with cheap mud toys gaudily painted, offered four for a cent, and he was followed by the *pan-wala*, the man who, out of a stained and soaked rag, would hand out a triangle-shaped wad of beetle nut and various spices wrapped up in a *pan* leaf. A man went by carrying a round iron water-pail from which he poured free drinks dipped out with his brass *lota*.

All these, together with scores of passengers of all types, passed and re-passed the low windows of the second-class carriage in which were a number of Methodist missionaries on their way to annual conference. Comments were made variously on the kaleidoscopic changes that presented themselves before the windows, the cigarette-wala coming in for most.

Then came along a man whose wares were naturally of great interest to the party of missionaries—he had a bundle of books.

"What have you, my brother?" sang out one of the missionaries.

"Navils," came the reply.

"What's that?" asked one of the younger men who had not been long in the country.

"You don't seem to be keeping up your English," laughed one of his brethren, "in your haste to acquire the vernacular!"

"He is selling *novels*," explained another.

And so he was—the veriest trash—vile, worthless things for eight cents a copy, that would leave a trail of blighting sensuality as long as the paper held together, and long after the covers were gone!



Remarks were in order and were being freely made, when another seller of books came along. He was an old man, with red, green and blue cloth and paper-covered books of a small size, and a few larger ones bound in dark shades of cloth. They were Gospel portions and Bibles.

"Well, brother Ummed Singh (Lion of Hope), how are you?" called out the senior missionary.

"Through your prayers, and God's mercy, I am well, Sahib," he said with dignity.

"Are you having good sales?" asked one.

"Yes, Sahib, unusually good. The people show a growing interest in books that tell of Christ."

"Which Gospel sells best?" inquired one.

He replied without hesitation, "Among Hindus, St. John. Moham-medans are not such good buyers," he added, "but they are showing a deeper desire to get the life-story of Jesus as given in the Gospels."

"Has the war hurt your sales?" was the next question.

"People may have less to spend," he replied thoughtfully, "but they are more than ever interested in our religion."

"Let me give you an incident that has just occurred here," he continued. "About six months ago I was not able to come to meet the trains one day, and my son, a boy of twelve, asked to take my place for the day. There got off the train that day a Pandit (Hindu religious teacher) who watched my boy, became interested in him and said to him, 'Come with me, my boy, and I will teach you the Shastras (their religious writings) and lead you into the truth.'

"No," replied the boy, 'you come with me to my father, and he will tell you about One who is himself the Way, the Truth and the Life.'

"This deeper philosophy interested the Pandit. He came to our humble home, and I found him to be an educated man, a graduate of one of the universities, but preferring to live the simple, wandering life of a religious devotee. He was deeply interested in religion, and at the end of the first day asked if he might not stay on and learn more. We were glad to have him, and he lengthened his stay until about two months had gone. Every day I talked with him, explaining what he found difficult to understand. All the time that I was out on my col-portage work he studied the Gospels and Epistles. Such letters as those of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Galatians and Ephesians opened up a new and wonderful spiritual world to him. His whole thinking underwent a transformation, and at length he announced that he was ready for baptism.

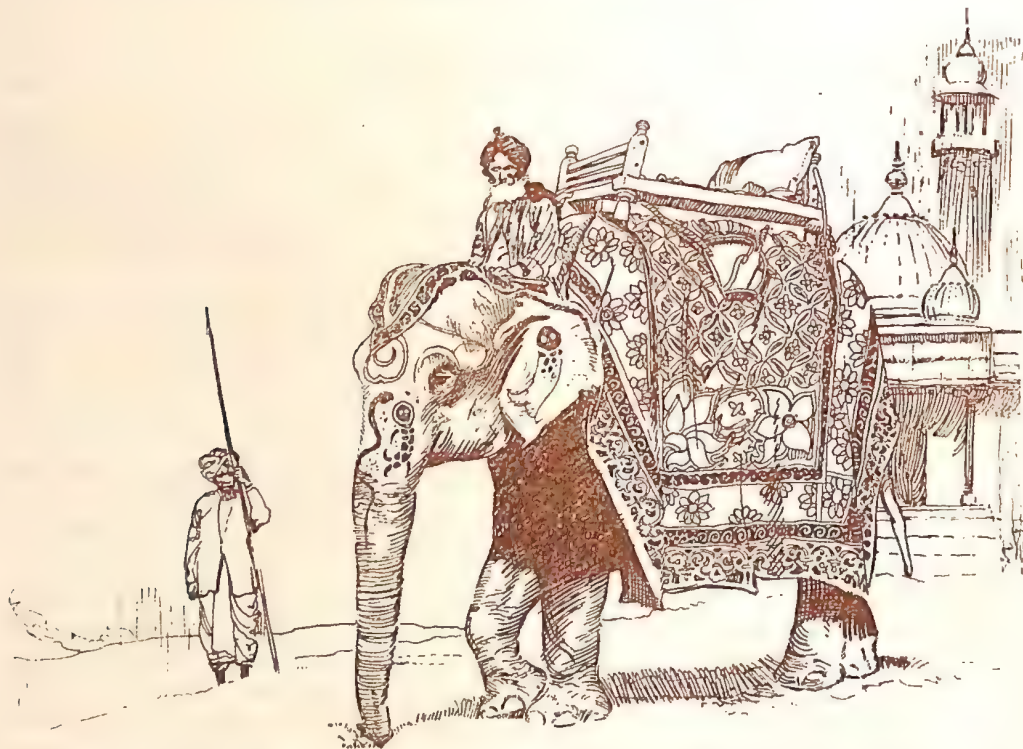
"The conversion of this religious teacher of the Hindus made a profound impression on the entire Hindu community here, and later, when the man was baptized, there was a mighty stir. As a result two hundred people have already been baptized, and the way is open for



still greater victories. The man is preaching the Gospel in other parts now."

Then, as the guard blew his whistle and waved his green flag, the train began to move. The old colporteur, looking at the senior missionary said:

"You do not wonder that I am happy to give the last years of my life to making this Book known to my people!" The train left him salaaming to his American friends.



"The meaning behind those words," said the old missionary, addressing his fellow-travelers, "will appear when you have heard the story of the colporteur's conversion. He is a man of good family and, before he became a Christian, had a large income.

"One day he was on his way to worship at a famous temple in one of our North India cities, when he came across a crowd gathered around one of our bazaar preachers. The message had been given and Gospel portions were being distributed. Ummed Singh would not have stopped, except that he saw a fellow-Hindu take one of the Gospel portions and, with vile imprecations, tear it to pieces. One piece of a page of the little book fell right before him, and he stopped and picked it up, for his curiosity had been aroused by the man's violent treatment of the book.

"It must be a very harmful book," thought Ummed Singh to himself.



"Now the Gospel portion that had been torn up happened to be St. John, and as Ummed Singh deciphered the writing in the Urdu language, he read:—

'Khuda ne is jahan ko aisa piyar kiya—'

'God so loved the world—'

"He had on the scrap of paper the entire sixteenth verse of the third chapter!

"Ummed Singh's attention was immediately arrested. This was new and strange teaching to him. He stepped up to the Christian preacher and, handing him the scrap, said:

"Give me a copy, please, of the book that has this teaching in it.'

"With a copy of the Gospel according to St. John in his hands, he went his way to read and ponder. A single reading won him for the New Truth. He sought out the Christian preacher in his home, got the further teaching that he needed, and shortly after was baptized."

"That reminds me of the story of Gulab Khan," spoke up another missionary.

"Gulab Khan was a Pathan by race and a bigoted Mohammedan by religion. He was a powerful man, standing six feet four inches, to which his peaked turban added four inches more. He got into a fracas one day, almost split some heads, and later found himself in jail with six months to serve.

"One day some *halwa-sohan* (a kind of Indian taffy) was sent in to him, which the *halwai* (vendor) had wrapped up in the loose page of a book. When Gulab Khan had finished the *halwa-sohan*, he had nothing else to do than read the oily page in his hands. The words riveted his attention. How could it be otherwise? He was reading a part of the great *Sermon on the Mount!* The 'love your enemies' challenged his thinking.

"Gulab Khan kept on thinking during the rest of his term in jail, with the greasy page carefully folded up in his embroidered waistcoat. Meantime he registered some resolves and made some plans. When his term had been served, one of the first things he did on getting back home was to secure a copy of the book in which he had read the wonderful words. He got it from the Christian colporteur who made periodical visits in the region of Gulab Khan's village. It was a two-cent edition of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

"A study of the little book resulted in Gulab Khan's deciding to ask for baptism. He went to the nearest missionary, reached him after a two days' tramp, walked into his study and announced his desire to be baptized on the spot. When the missionary expressed a desire to know who he was, what teaching he had received, and inquired into his motives, Gulab Khan was offended. He would brook no delays. The Pathan blood in him was aroused. He straightened himself up to his full height and exclaimed:—

"I'll shoot you if you don't baptize me!"



"He was ready to do it, too, but tact and firmness on the part of the missionary made it possible to postpone the baptism a few days without precipitating the shooting.

"So Gulab Khan was baptized, and no one has ever questioned his motives, for he has waded through rivers of persecution since. He is still the only Christian in his village, but he does not expect to remain alone. Recently he had a *house-warming* for a new house he has built, and at the end of the festivities he asked the missionary, who was one of the Christian guests, to dedicate the house to the worship of God.

"Said Gulab Khan, with fine faith, 'Some day this house will be a church.'"

Experiences had proceeded thus far when an Indian member of Conference, who was traveling with the missionary party, spoke up.

"Perhaps you would like to hear of the conversion of my father."

There was no doubt as to that, and the young man related, in excellent English (for he was a graduate of a college) the following account:

"My father, who was a Brahman, was a student in a Government college. He had often heard the Christian religion preached and had entered upon a course of violent opposition to it. In order to prepare himself for the most effective criticism of the Christian doctrines he purchased a copy of the Bible. He read it carefully, noting the points at which he felt he might most successfully launch his attacks. The study that this involved brought him unexpectedly into rich fields of thought, and he read and pondered with a growing interest. God's Spirit convicted him of sin, and before many months had passed my father was ready to declare his faith in Christ. This he did, but on the advice of the missionary, with a view to saving his young wife from the cruel persecution that his relatives and friends were sure to bring upon them, he went north and was baptized in a distant city.

"Do you wonder," concluded the young Indian preacher, "that the Word of God is a priceless possession to me?"

The Sword of the Spirit has had great triumphs in India's past, and is doing exploits for the King in India today. Would that we might give it a better chance!







## BURYING MUNIA LAL FACE~DOWNWARD

MUNIA LAL is dead—dead out in a lonely village in India. The body of the woman has been wrapped in a large white cloth, and a rude bier been made by tying pieces of bamboo together with lengths of grass rope. The remains have been placed on this bamboo framework, and out under the big spreading *Imli* tree the handful of Christians gather to carry the “mitti” (earth, i.e., corpse) to the bit of ground that the Christians have for their burying-ground—not “cemetery,” but “Qabristan,” the *place of graves*.

The pall-bearers take up their light load, and the procession goes silently to the graveyard—not with loud shoutings of “Ram Ram sat hai” (Ram is the name of one of the chief of the Hindu pantheon), such as the Hindus indulge in, and which these Christians themselves have given up only since they were baptized a few years ago.

The “qabristan” is a small plot of land, fenceless, treeless, flowerless. A few *babool* shrubs cumber the ground, and the goats, standing on their hind legs, are reaching for the branches that are still accessible. Some mounds show that the place of graves has been used before.

The grave is already dug, and the body is about to be lowered into it. But here comes the “Chowkidar,” the red-turbaned village night-watchman, with his long, heavy bamboo “lathi” (stick or club), tipped with iron and bound at one end with brass wire. Says this sturdy and self-important official:

“Hold, you Christians! Orders have been issued that you are to bury your dead face-downward.”



There is consternation among the Christians for a moment. Then one of the Christian men speaks up. "Who issues such an order?"

"The Lambardar" (a village government official), says the night-watchman.

Then ensues some loud talking—the kind for which India is justly famous! The Christians are unwilling to submit to such an indignity. The husband of Munia Lal forgets the weight of the Chowkidar's stick, forgets even the authority of the Lambardar. He lifts his voice in good style.

The high words attract a crowd. Many Hindus come running up, some with *lathis*, like the Chowkidar's. The funeral is turned into a fracas. The heathen crowd, with the Chowkidar at its head is determined that the corpse shall go into the grave face-downward. What better can these dogs of Christians expect! The Christians will be assaulted if they attempt to bury in the usual way, and the clubs opposed to them are too many.

It is just about time for some heads to be split, when the leader of the Christian group whispers something to the husband of Munia Lal, who hesitates awhile and then nods affirmatively. The pall-bearers place the body on the bamboo bier again, and the Christian company makes a surprise exit.

Munia Lal's frail body again lies in her little mud-walled thatched-roof house. Under the big *Imli* tree the Christians sit talking excitedly. "Lambardar," "Chowkidar," "Sarcar" (government) and "Padri Sahib" are the words most frequently recurring. The last one refers to the missionary. He lives six miles away, and a man has gone to summon him. This was what was suggested in a whisper at the grave.

It will be three or four hours before the missionary can possibly arrive, and the company thins out during the time of waiting. The afternoon shadows are lengthening, when the Chowkidar puts in an appearance. He comes to announce that the Lambardar has withdrawn his order, and that the funeral can proceed. This word is quickly passed from house to house in the Christian *Mohulla* (ward), and in a short time all, except the one who has gone to call the missionary, are again under the *Imli* tree. A conference ensues, and then the pall-bearers get ready to take up their burden. Night is coming on, the missionary may not be at home anyway—why not go ahead with the burial?

And so the poor Christian woman is buried with her face upward. The earth does not hurt her as it settles in around the body—there are no coffins used among the Hindus, and none can be had for our Christians in the villages. The ceremony at the grave is limited to the Apostles' Creed, recited by the man who had attended the recent Summer School for village laymen, and the Lord's Prayer, in which several are able to join. What more can you expect, when their only spiritual





shepherd is away, visiting some other of the twenty villages for whose Christian communities he is held responsible?

Before the sun has set, another little mound of earth marks the "place of graves." Only Heaven keeps a register of our Christian graves in the villages of India.

By nightfall the missionary had arrived. He had left everything and walked the six miles to give whatever help was possible. He first visited the Lambardar, and gave him a telling rebuke without either losing his temper or alienating the man. Then he called for the now obsequious Chowkidar, and gave him some seasonable advice. They had overstepped their authority in attempting to impose such an indignity on the Christian community in the matter of a burial. They knew it—only they had hoped to cow the Christians, and the result would have been to deter others from becoming Christians. No one wishes to be buried face-downward.

A few months later, Tulsi Das, the preacher in whose circuit this particular village lay, carried special word to the missionary:

"Sahib," said he, "you remember the village where they tried to bury Munia Lal face-downward? There are four hundred people there asking for Christian teaching and baptism now!"

And Tulsi Das and the missionary rejoiced and made some new plans.





# IN THE RUBY GARDEN



THE North Western Railway station at Lahore affords a great variety of passengers. To the eye of a westerner the most striking are the figures of the high-caste women, enveloped from head to foot in their white cotton *burkhas*, with just a little net-work of lace over the face. The wearers can see anything directly ahead, but no one can see their forms or faces. This must be a mercy to some who are gaunt and wrinkled with age or haggard and worn by a premature age. Undoubtedly many of the wearers have rare charm and beauty of face, for Kashmir, Rajputana and the Punjab furnish some of the most beautiful women of India.

My eye is attracted by a group of three women in their *burkhas*. One gives indication of being old, but there is a sprightliness of action in the other two that makes them seem different from any ordinary wearer of a *burkha*. Having nothing to do just then but wait for my train, I entertain myself first by snapping a "Graflex" at the group at an opportune moment, and then speculating as to what life tragedies might not be concealed under the ample folds of those white *burkhas*.

As I walk by the group once, after having snapped my picture, it seems to me that one of the women is looking straight into my eyes, with a freedom quite un-Indian. I think, too, that I hear a snicker from the group after I have passed by. The experience is novel.

As the train comes thundering in and stops at the platform, I notice that my group of three *burkha*-clad women, followed by an ample supply of bedding-rolls, small steel steamer trunks, baskets and bundles of various styles, all moving along on the heads of coolies, are getting into my train. After I am settled in my compartment, I stroll down the length of the train to satisfy my curiosity regarding the white "ghosts" that have attracted my attention. I find they are in a second-class compartment, marked "Indian Ladies Only." Their belongings are piled around in confusion. A man attendant, in some sort of livery, is closing the venetian blinds so that no curious eye may be able to look in on the privacy of the women when their *burkhas* have been removed.



When everything is arranged, and only one window is undarkened, the figure of the old woman, as I have taken her to be, gets out of the train. The man attendant is now on the platform with a roll of bedding done up in a cotton *durrie*, and a huge silver container, for the beetle-nut and pan leaf, the belongings evidently of the veiled woman on the platform. It is time for me to get back to my compartment, but I overhear a bit of the talk of the woman on the platform as she gives some advice such as young travelers are likely to need on a long journey, and I conclude that she is an elderly relative who has probably accompanied them from their home thus far on their journey. Her last word concerns some confectionery that is in one of the baskets.

As the train glides along the platform, I find myself wondering about the occupants of that second-class compartment for Indian ladies. By evening the train has reached Ambala on its southward journey. I have some letters to post here, having been busy during the afternoon with my "Corona." The letter-box is at the far end of the platform, and as I go to drop the letters into the tall, red box, I notice that the compartment for Indian ladies has all its windows open. Two young Punjabi ladies are in there, but they do not wear the *burkha*. In the hands of one is a copy of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," while the other has been reading an illustrated "Times of India" that lies on the seat. Again as I pass I hear a kind of snicker, and feel sure that these young ladies are the same who entered the compartment with *burkhas* over them.

Ten o'clock at night finds me at Saharanpur, where my carriage is attached to the down-Punjab mail of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway. An all-night run brings me to Bareilly by daylight and to Lucknow about 9 a. m. Here I get a couple of coolies, who for two cents each carry my belongings (steel trunk, bedding-roll, suit case and typewriter) to a hackney carriage outside. A number of these are lined up along the outside steps, vieing with one another for the privilege of taking you and your luggage for twenty-five cents, providing the distance can be covered in an hour. I am in one, and am leaning out of the door to tell the man with the whip to drive to the Mission at *Gola Ganj*, when a head is stuck out of the carriage in front of me, and I recognize one of the occupants of that second-class compartment for Indian ladies.

"Lal Bagh," she says to the driver, who needs nothing more. "Lal Bagh"—*Ruby Garden*, once the residence of a Lord Treasurer of the Royal Court in the days of the Mohammedan kings of Oudh, and since 1870 the home of Miss Isabella Thoburn's famous school and college for girls.

So these young ladies belonged to our Isabella Thoburn College! It was July, and they had come to begin the year's schooling. In that case I should see them again.

The opportunity came some weeks later, when the girls of the first



and third years in the college (Freshman and Junior classes) gave a little entertainment and reception to friends of the college. And there I sat watching Indian Christian girls of Bengali, Punjabi, Marathi and Mohammedan origin, mingling with English and Anglo-Indian girls, as they sang, recited, read charming original dissertations on subjects of literary, social or political interest, and later went through some intricate calisthenic exercises. Among them were a few Hindu girls of the advanced section known as Brahmos, and one or two each from the orthodox Hindu and Mohammedan community.

Afterwards these same young ladies served light refreshments in the large college hall, beautifully decorated for the occasion. Then the chairs were pushed back along the sides of the hall, and *games* began. Think of playing *bean-bags* with Hindu girls, or having a Kashmiri Brahman young lady get ahead of you by darting into your seat in "Musical Chairs," thus putting you out of the game! Or imagine how it seems to have a young Mohammedan lady your partner in a game of "Two's and Three's"! Your wonder is heightened by the realization that in it all they are perfectly at home.

During the evening's entertainment I had recognized one of the occupants of that same Ladies' Compartment. We were introduced later, and her first remark was "You haven't brought your Graflex!" This led into the very heart of what I wished to discuss.

"I have three questions to ask of the *new woman* of the Punjab," I said laughing, and she rejoined—all in excellent English of course:

"State them all, then, and I'll answer what I choose!"

"Why did you have on the *burkha* at Lahore? Why did you *not* have it on when I saw you at Ambala, and why did you snicker when I passed?"

It would have done you good to see her laugh. She knew I was a missionary, and realized how her conduct must have puzzled one familiar with Indian customs.





"Your first question I can safely answer," she said gaily, "by just saying that all ladies of my station in our Province wear the *burkha* in public. Your third question I will answer by saying that my sister and I both recognized you on the platform, and we were enjoying the fun. Regarding the second question, I must counsel with my sister."

She looked around, and then motioned to her sister across the hall, who shortly came and joined us.

"Our esteemed contemporary desires to know why our *burkhas* were doffed between Lahore and Ambala. Dare we tell him?"

"Yes," her sister replied, "on condition that he keep it a profound secret!"

Then the elder continued, seriously:

"Our father is a prominent landholder of the Punjab, and holds strictly to the old school. He has consented to our entering college here, but it took some powerful arguments to swing him into line! He finally consented, but cherishes the hope that we will not lose our becoming Indian modesty by appearing unveiled in public. To please him we always wear the *burkha* when we are within the range of any of our Hindu friends or relatives. Our aunt accompanied us as far as Lahore on our journey to Lucknow, but when we had left Lahore behind, what reason was there for further secluding faces no more beautiful than ours?"

"Then you do not favor the wearing of the *burkha* by Indian ladies?" I asked.

"Most certainly I do not. There may have been a time when we needed such things in India, but of what possible use are they to us now? They shackle us mentally even as they cumber us physically. Imagine reading Carlyle through the meshes of a *burkha*!" she exclaimed.

"Well, this is a treat," said I, "to hear an Indian lady express such sentiments."

"You are in for a good many treats, then," she asserted, "if we *reformers* can have our way!"





"Yes," I agreed, "progress is certainly in the air in this new India in which we find ourselves."

"But you must not make the mistake of supposing that we Indian women think that everything western is necessarily in the line of progress!" she said with fervor.

"What, for instance?" I asked.

"The European style of dancing," she replied with a courage that well became her strong features and flashing eyes. "I have seen the ball costumes of the ladies, and that alone would be sufficient to condemn the entire institution in the minds of our Indian ladies, even if many things that we have heard and read about European dancing be not true."

"I am so glad to hear you say this!" I exclaimed, and she continued:

"Neither has India any lesson to learn from either England or America in the matter of alcoholic beverages. We have had our 'toddy' and our wines for centuries and realize their harm, but your western 'whisky' is a plague to our people. Why, the license from a single retail shop in a town of the Punjab has advanced in ten years from three hundred rupees a year to twelve thousand!

"Two sons of a well-known house in Upper India went west for their education," she went on, with increasing ardor, "one to old Cambridge in England, the other to the new Cambridge in America. When they returned to India, their proud father's head was bowed in shame for both his sons were addicted to the use of strong drink! Then I think of a princely father of our own Punjab whose son was drunk on foreign whisky when an official of the British government called at the palace! Can you imagine the disgrace?"

"But I do not need to lecture you missionaries," she said brightening. "You are our true, our best friends. What would India have done without you? And your Christian girls and women are just splendid!"

Then she pointed to a large portrait of Isabella Thoburn on the wall, and said with feeling:

"We never saw her, but we all love her. She is our 'patron saint.'"

As I left Lal Bagh that evening I thanked God again for Isabella Thoburn, the pioneer in Asia of higher education for women. Under the projected influence of her fine spirit, and under the tuition of her successors, India's young womanhood is reaching the highest and best.

Such a "Ruby Garden" is a treasure-house of untold national resources.





## THE BIBLE-READER AND THE LADY OF THE WORLD

RACHEL was a "Bible-Reader"—that is, she gave her time to evangelistic work for and among the women of Hindu and Moham-medan families. For this service she received a salary of four dollars a month.

Rachel saw stirring days when she was a girl. The great Indian Mutiny of 1857 was the one sure landmark of her early days. If you asked her age, her reply invariably was that she was about ten years old when the "Gadr" (rebellion) occurred.

"My mother was an *ayah* (children's nurse and lady's maid) in the family of a Judge Sahib. When the Sepoys in Meerut set fire to the bungalows of the Europeans and massacred so many of the gentlemen and ladies, my mother and I hid the Judge Sahib's wife and two *babalog* (children) in our house, and saved their lives. The Judge Sahib was killed that day, but his wife got safely back to England, and arranged to have a pension of five rupees a month sent to my mother. My mother got service in a missionary family afterwards, and that is how I came under Christian teaching and was put into school."

A good share of the first years of Rachel's service was spent in the village work. She loved to tell of the experiences of those days.

"When the plague first appeared in our part of the country, the people fled from the towns and villages and built rude huts of grass and branches out in the fields. Some said that the government had arranged to spread the disease because the population of the country was too dense! Some said it was because a good many had become Christians, and the gods were angry and were punishing the people. But this explanation did not fit in with the very noticeable fact that very rarely was there a death among the Christians. Accordingly a good many expressed their belief that it was a disease controlled by the Christians, who sent it where they pleased, and could check it at will. This theory was especially borne out by the fact (established in numerous cases) that among the Christians those who succumbed to attacks of the





disease were those who had secretly gone back to idol worship, or had resorted to idolatrous ceremonies in order to ward off the disease. This made a great impression on the non-Christians, and in some places they were ready almost to worship us!"

"What shall we do to escape the wrath of your God?" they would ask us, and our answer was to read them the Ninety-first Psalm, and explain what it meant to 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

"In village after village that we visited, we heard far into the night the wailing of the people. Some were wailing for the dead in their homes. A great demonstration of woe would arise from a house the moment that the soul of a relative departed. All the people in the house would immediately join in the tumult of woe. Meanwhile others, chiefly Mohammedans, were going about the town in bands, beating their breasts, and chanting a prayer in a dirge-like way. Never shall I forget those mournful strains. Even after midnight the weird sounds would come across to our encampment near the town:

'Ai Allah hamen bacha—  
Dur howe yih balla!'

'O God, deliver us—  
Take this plague away from us!'

"The first line was chanted by one or two leading voices in a high key, and then the second line was taken up by the rest in the group or procession. Night after night they went wailing about their streets, but the plague did not abate.

"Meantime our Christians were holding nightly prayer meetings. Where there was no Mission worker in the village, some layman would call the meeting and take charge of it. Over and over the people would sing the few hymns they knew, and repeat the verses they had learned on previous visits of the missionary party.

"I do not know much," said one of these humble Christians, 'but the little I do know I tell to the others. To the Christians I say, *God is passing through our village, therefore sin no more.* To the Hindus I say, *Give up your idols and believe in our Jesus.* Tell me, tell me, what more can I say?"

"Those were terrible days when the plague first swept through the cities, towns and villages. Yet the people listened to our message as never before. I remember one poor, old decrepit woman, who had stood in a crowd one day listening to the preaching, followed us to another part of the village and came, bringing with her a girl of about ten. She asked us to stop, and said: 'I am old, my memory is poor, and I am afraid I will forget the holy name you told us about, and what we ought to say when we pray. I have brought my granddaughter and I want you to tell her all about it. She will remember for me.'



"We sat down and taught her a simple sentence prayer to the Christ who forgives sins and receives into the heavenly mansions, and left the old woman very happy. As she walked away I heard her urging the girl never to forget the name or the prayer."

All this, and much more I heard from Rachel, about the work in the villages in the earlier days of her service. When she became too old to stand the irregular and oftentimes rough life of the rural itinerant, she was given an appointment in the city. Here her duties took her daily into the homes of respectable Hindu and especially Mohammedan families. Knitting, crocheting, reading and writing are always in demand among the women of the *zenanas*, and are usually taught by our Bible Readers in connection with their visits to the homes.

There were about twenty homes on the list that Rachel, with one other Bible Reader, visited. About twice a week she would get around to each one of the houses, and often the missionary lady accompanied her.

Of all Rachel's spiritual "patients" Jahanara Begum (Lady of the World) gave her most concern. She was a Mohammedan woman, past middle age, very poor, though putting on some show of respectability, for she claimed to be well connected. She was not eager for the Bible stories or Christian hymns, though she was delighted with the instruction in needle work. But she was a strong character, and knew how to argue or, at any rate, to talk! Perhaps what drew special attention to her was that she was suffering from an incurable disease.

After many weeks of pleading, Rachel succeeded in gaining the consent of Jahanara Begum, and especially her husband, for the sufferer to be taken to the Mission Hospital. In the ward of the Hospital the new-comer soon became a storm center. Her mind seemed to be sternly set against the daily Christian teaching that was given to each patient. She said that she knew *all about* Christianity, and that whatever *truth* there was in it was to be found in the Koran anyway. Yet the poor woman had never read a word in her life—either of the Koran or the Bible! Ninety-nine out of every hundred women in India cannot either read or write, and she was in the class of the ninety-nine.

Jahanara Begum was not content only to argue with the Christian nurses about religious questions and refuse their teaching for herself. She made an effort to disaffect other patients. She had a strong voice, and while she argued and quarrelled with a patient in the bed next to her, she talked to the whole ward. In this way she became such a source of trouble, and even anxiety, that the missionary doctor had to give strict orders that she was to refrain from arguing with the patients.

But Jahanara Begum still had resources. She began to talk *out loud* to herself! She belabored imaginary Christian opponents in fine style! She vanquished her scores as she lay flat on her back! The women to the right and left could not but hear and follow her talk—what else was there to do in the ward?

Jahanara Begum had come to be thoroughly disliked, and even feared. She was the problem of the institution. Time and again the doctor was on the point of turning her out. Then one of those things happened that so often occur in a land like India. One morning Jahanara Begum was found to be a different person—a “new creature.” The very expression of her face was changed. To the nurse who came she said:

“I would like to be baptized.”

The nurse did not know what to say.

Jahanara Begum began talking in a new way to the patients near her. She said she, too, would be a Christian. The ward heard this declaration, but had mental reservations. No one was inclined to believe her, but every one took note that even the tone of her voice had undergone a change. A sort of gentleness had come over her that made her very different.

Later in the day the missionary doctor came around, who questioned the woman closely. There seemed to be no doubt as to the genuineness of the case.

“What has brought about this change in you, Jahanara Begum?” asked the missionary.

“I saw Christ last night,” replied the woman. “I have had a vision of Him, and that is why I am different.”

“And *do* you wish to be baptized?” was the next question.

“Yes, yes, I do,” she exclaimed. “I have not long to live, and I must bear His name the rest of my days. I saw Him, and it is all clear to me now.”

And so Jahanara Begum was baptized. In the few weeks that she lingered, she was a benediction to all in the ward. When she was gone all the patients said, “Jahanara Begum *must* have seen Christ. His transforming touch was upon her. No one else could have changed her.”

The story does not end here. Shortly after this Rachel had finished her work and was called to rest by her Master. A few weeks after her death some papers that she had left behind were being sorted, and among them was found her “Prayer List.” This was a list of names of people for whom she used to pray regularly.

At the top of the list stood the name of Jahanara Begum! Then followed several other names, and at the bottom of the sheet was written:

“Mango to tumhen diya jaega—”

“Ask and ye shall receive.”







## IN THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY

“How was Tika Ram dispossessed of that property?”

“He put his thumb impression on the document without knowing what it contained.”

The question was asked by the missionary, and answered by the Preacher-in-charge. The story is an interesting one.

Tika Ram was an illiterate Christian farmer, like the rest of his brethren, who had recently come into the Church through the Mass Movement. He had had two deaths in the family and needed some money. According to the custom in India, he went to the Hindu *baniya* (shopkeeper and money-lender) and asked for the loan of sixty rupees (\$20), which the *baniya* promised at the usual rate of twelve annas on the rupee (a rupee contains sixteen annas). This is seventy-five per cent per annum, but Tika Ram knew that it was the current rate of interest among Hindu money-lenders. The system of Co-operative Credit Societies, introduced by the British Government, whereby money could be had at ten per cent and less, had not yet reached his village.

The *baniya* knew Tika Ram and his affairs well—it was his business to be informed on everybody's affairs! He told Tika Ram to call in the evening, and when the man came he was told he would have to sign the document. Tika Ram said he could neither read nor write—which was no news to the *baniya*—but the fat Hindu shopkeeper said that the customary thumb impression accepted by the government would

suffice. The document, already prepared, was spread out on the wooden platform on which the shopkeeper sat smoking, his feet folded under him. The farmer only needed to be told where to put the impression of his thumb. Down went his big right thumb on the ink pad and then there was a black, seal-like impression at the bottom of the writing. The *baniya* had two witnesses of his own sign the paper, and, after drying the ink with sand scattered over it, he deposited the document in the brown box made of heavy *shisham* wood and bound with brass at the corners. Then the sixty rupees were taken by Tika Ram and carefully counted, each coin being dropped on the bricks of the steps leading up to the shop, to make sure that there were no counterfeits.

Poor Tika Ram! Next time he would exercise caution at another point! Only once before had he handled so much money at one time, and that was when he had sold two milch buffaloes in order to help with the expense connected with getting his daughter married. He was glad to have this money at this time of need, and did not—perhaps he could not—figure out how by the end of a year there would be one hundred and five rupees to pay back for these sixty he now handled. To his relatives he just said he had borrowed money from the *baniya*.

About a month after this, some Hindu men came to Tika Ram's scant four acres from which he managed to get three crops a year, in addition to growing mustard with his wheat and *dal* with his *bajra*.

As they surveyed the land with unusual interest, Tika Ram asked what had brought them.

"We are estimating what the piece of land will yield if planted with sugar cane, having just purchased it of the *baniya*."

"Purchased it!" ejaculated the farmer.

"Why not?" said they, "it is no big deal."

"But I own the land," replied the Christian.

"You mean you used to," retorted the Hindus. "We have just paid the *baniya* the earnest money on this purchase."

When Tika Ram reached the shop of the *baniya*, that portly person, living—as the Indian saying goes—with ten fingers dipped in *ghee* (butter), was sitting on his wooden platform smoking, while he superintended the weighing out of some grain for a customer. He barely removed the end of the pipe stem as he answered Tika Ram, and did not lose count of the number of two *seer* (four pounds) basketfuls that added to the growing pile in the black blanket of his customer. To the Christian farmer's remonstrances he merely replied that the sale—as he very well knew—had been completed by him that day about a month ago, and that it was strange indeed that he should have forgotten carrying home the bag of *four hundred rupees*!

When poor Tika Ram talked of the *loan* and insisted on only sixty rupees, the *baniya* quietly unlocked the brass-bound *shisham* box, and asked a *Pandit* (religious teacher) to read the document, first



getting Tika Ram's assent that the thumb mark was his own. The *Pandit* read—in all its legal verbiage—how Tika Ram, in consideration of a payment of four hundred rupees, made over to Ram Lal, *baniya*, the plot of land, describing it by means of the well-known landmarks of the row of bamboos, the clump of *babool* trees, the long shallow pond, and the path lined with cactus.

Why spin out the story of the *baniya's* trickery? It was a hopeless case for the poor Christian. He sought the best advice he could get, but there was no use to take the matter up to the courts. A Hindu Judge would try the case, and, after all, who could set aside the unfortunate document with its two witnesses? Even a *Walayati* (European) Judge Sahib would have to decide in favor of the holder of the paper with its thumb impression and signatures of the witnesses.

And so Tika Ram, Christian farmer, was dispossessed of his ancestral holdings. It was not much he had ever *held*, but it had kept him and his from starvation.

"The *baniya* would not have ruined him, Sahib," said the preacher to the missionary, "if Tika Ram had not given up his idols. It is the Christians they persecute thus."

"But in this case," the missionary added, "Tika Ram would not have suffered, had he been able to read. My brother, we must introduce and push primary education among our village Christians. The cost of an overcoat in New York would keep a village school running a whole year, and I am sure that our American brethren will help us in this matter when they realize the desperate need, and know how abundantly able they are to meet it."

"There is another sad case of recent persecution, Sahib," continued the Indian, "of which I have not yet had opportunity to speak with you. Hira Lal (diamond-ruby) has been compelled to sell his cattle at great loss."

"How is that?"

"The landlords combined against him and took away from him the privilege of grazing his cows on the plain adjoining the village, and as Hira Lal has no pasturage of his own, and there is no jungle land in those parts, he could not keep the cattle. He put them on the market, but the few possible purchasers had been given inside information and they refused to offer reasonable prices. They did not condescend to make any explanation. There was no market for cattle!"

"Hira Lal fed his goats on branches broken from the trees, but his cattle were starving. He had them in his small courtyard, and their constant bellowing drove him to desperation. He went to the dealers and sold all the cows and oxen he had for less than a third of their value. The next day cattle were at par again! Sahib, these *baniyas* and landlords are worse than our red-headed vultures!"

"That is why we Christians are at work here," said the missionary

thoughtfully. "I have just had word," he continued, "that faithful old Budloo of Gopalnagar has been thrown into prison. You can imagine how it was. They never could bring any real charge against him, so they resorted to underhand methods. One morning about five o'clock he was aroused by heavy pounding on his door, which he opened to find the village Chowkidar (night watchman) confronting him.

"We've caught you at last!" exclaimed this tool of the police.

"What do you mean?" asked poor Budloo.

"The Chowkidar pointed at a cot and a large brass drinking vessel stood up against the side of the house, and almost concealed from view by some thatch, such as is used in roofs.



"We came early enough to find them before you had had time to dispose of them. You are witness, Gulab Singh," said he turning to a companion whom he had brought in order to have corroborative testimony. 'Out with you now!' he commanded, 'and away to the *thana* (police station.)'

"But I know nothing about this bed!" protested Budloo.

"Of course not, and all you wished was that no one else should!" O, what a sharp weapon is sarcasm in India!

"Reaching the *thana*, our Budloo was handcuffed by order of the police, and held for trial. That night he suffered untold indignities and tortures at the hands of the police, who did their utmost to get him to acknowledge guilt, and pay a round sum of money to be let off. But Budloo stuck to the truth.



"The case in court went dead against him. The man from whose house the bed, by pre-arrangement with the Chowkidar, had been taken, was there to testify, as well as those who had found the articles hidden at Budloo's house. What more was needed? Only the affirmation that the man had always been a scoundrel, and had recently become a Christian in order to cover up his past and secure the protection of the missionaries!

"And so Budloo has gone to prison for three months. He takes it patiently, and only asks us to make some provision for his family while he is unable to work for their support."

This conversation had taken place in the study of the missionary's bungalow. At this point the mission Chowkidar came and stood in front of the door, and coughed in order to attract attention. The missionary looked up and asked what was wanted, and the watchman said that a Christian man had come from a nearby village, bringing word that the few Christians there had just been given a terrible beating.

The night had set in, but the Indian worker said he would go out and investigate and give any possible help. He set out, with the man from the village as guide, but in less than an hour he was back again. His approach needed no Chowkidar to announce it.

All at once, the missionary heard the shuffling of feet, the murmur of voices, a deep low groaning and a sound of wailing in a high key. He stepped out on the veranda to see what it was, and saw a group of people coming up the road from the gate. In a moment the company, headed by the Indian worker who had started out to the village, was at the veranda steps. A cot, carried on the heads of four men, was deposited on the veranda. On it was a man, covered entirely by a coarse cotton sheet. With each breath he drew he moaned—"Hai!" (alas) By his side stood a woman, crying out in piercing tones—

"They have killed him, they have killed him, they have killed my man!"

It mattered nothing that the *dead* man kept groaning!

"Sahib," explained the worker, "I met them on the road about a mile out, as they were coming to your bungalow, and thought it best to return with them. This man is injured the worst, the rest not so seriously, these men say," pointing to the four who had carried the bed.

The missionary got a lantern and uncovered the sufferer's face. The man's eyes opened and the volume of his "hai's" increased. His hair was matted with blood, and a deep cut on one cheek was bleeding freely. The bones of two fingers on his right hand were broken. The scalp was covered with welts and gashes, showing that the poor man had been severely handled, but the skull was evidently not fractured. The missionary ordered hot water, while he himself got some medicated cotton bandage and carbolic solution. In half an hour the sufferer had been made as comfortable as possible.

The next morning the injured man was taken to the mission hospital, while the missionary and the Indian worker went to the village to make an investigation. Everything was quiet. Several of the Christians were suffering from cuts and bruises. There they learned the cause of the affair of the *lathis* (clubs).

Several families of tanners and cowherds in the village had been baptized the year before, and there was friction due to persecution by the non-Christian majority. Two days before, they had closed the wells of those *mohullas* (wards) against the Christians. A single day without access to the wells brought such inconvenience and suffering to the Christian families that they decided to ignore the injunction against drawing water from the wells. Just before dusk on the second day they had gone with their ropes and earthen water-pots to the wells. There they had been set upon by a large number of men with *lathis*. The Christians made a poor attempt at self-defense, and had had to retire without any water.

The missionary went first and reported the matter to the *Thanadar* (head constable) who said he would enquire carefully into the whole affair. He reminded the police official that cases of this kind had already been taken up to English officials at district headquarters, and a decision had been given by the Governor of the Province in favor of the Christians. They had a legal right to use the ancestral wells.

The men who had set upon the Christians were not around to lay any charges or make any explanations. They had learned with apprehension that one of the Christians had had some bones broken and were awaiting with concern the return of the man who had suffered. The government might not take action in the case of mere bruises and cuts, but a broken bone gave immediate reason for prosecution. To their surprise, he said he would not take action against his "brothers"—that he forgave them freely.

"Isa Masih (Jesus Christ) forgave me in this same way," said he, "and, in the prayer He taught His disciples to say, has made it clear that we must forgive, if we expect to be forgiven."

When this word went the rounds of the village, a profound impression was created on all classes. The breach was healed, and the next time the missionary visited that village he was asked by some of the men who had beaten the Christians:

"Padri Sahib, when are you going to tell us about the *Guru* (Master) who teaches men to forgive their enemies? He has drawn our hearts."

Thus it always is in India, and the beatitude of the *persecuted* is fully understood. Houses may be burned, fields destroyed, abuse, dishonor and injustice be the lot of our people, but ever the policy of heaping coals of fire on the head of the adversary wins in the contest.





## LAYMEN WITH A MOVEMENT

FOR the missionary the most delightful hour of the day's work in the Summer School is when the unconventional *Chaudhris* (village headmen) tell of their experiences in their villages. For three weeks all the paid workers of the district attend the Summer School at district headquarters, but these *Chaudhris*—voluntary, unpaid, lay workers—usually come in for only about three days. During this time, special plans are carried out to give them all the training and inspiration possible.

Today, as the Experience Meeting starts up, there are 154 *Chaudhris* present and thirty-eight wives. This proportion of women is most encouraging, in a land where women have always counted for so little in religion. Before throwing the meeting open to the *Chaudhris*, the missionary asks each preacher-in-charge in the district to tell how many of these rural lay leaders are active in the work of the Church. From the totals it is found that 446 are assisting the Pastors of the district in local work of various kinds, while 163 of them also give help in carrying the Gospel to villages adjoining their own.

"You have made a splendid beginning, men," comments the missionary, "may the *Chaudhri paltan* (regiment) greatly increase and do exploits for their King!"

Some one starts up a rousing revival hymn, of which the chorus is:

"Raja Yisu aya, Raja Yisu, aya,  
Shaitan ko jitne ke liye  
Raja Yisu aya!"—

"King Jesus has come, King Jesus has come,  
To triumph over Satan,  
King Jesus has come!"

Then the *Chaudhris* begin to relate their experiences.

Notice old Asa Ram as he slowly rises, fully realizing that age has its recognized prerogatives in his land. He delivers himself as follows:

"When plague broke out in our village, the Hindus raised a subscription of five hundred rupees to build a temple in which to offer special sacrifices to stay the disease. But the head man of their community stopped the undertaking, saying that no Christian had been taken by the plague, and that to build a temple to any God but theirs would provoke his wrath upon them. He openly stated that ours must be the true God."

An energetic young man now rises to his feet and exclaims:

"We tore down fourteen *thans* (heathen shrines) this year in the six villages over which my authority extends among the *Chamar* (tanner) community."

Here the missionary asks others of the *Chaudhris* to tell how many shrines were destroyed in their villages during the year, and it is learned that the total reaches eighty. Whereupon one of the preachers starts up a verse of "The Kingdom Is Coming":

"With shouting and singing and jubilant ringing,  
Their arms of rebellion cast down,  
At last every nation the Lord of Salvation  
Their King and Redeemer shall crown."

This is followed by one man requesting prayer. He says:

"According to our custom, our preachers refuse to baptize the people of any *mohulla* (ward) until every one is ready. There is a *mohulla* in one of my four villages (he was *Chaudhri* of the Sweepers) where one man is unwilling and is holding up the baptism of 150 people. Moreover, he is taking advantage of the government's law, (that where even one worshipper demands it, he has the right to keep up the shrine or temple) and will not permit us to tear down the *thans* in the village where he lives. I ask prayer that this man may be convicted of sin."

"Let us pray," comes instantly from the missionary, and the entire congregation prostrates itself before God, most of the foreheads resting on the floor. (When that *Chaudhri* returned to the village in question, he found the hinderer convicted of his sin and ready to be baptized. Shortly afterwards, the entire *mohulla* of 150 were taken into the Church).

"I'd like to tell," says another *Chaudhri*, "how a lame man broke down a shrine. The *Padri Sahib* (missionary) was there, and will remember. Two hundred people were ready for baptism and had consented to have the *thans* broken down, but no one could be found to destroy the large public one. The people had a superstitious dread of demolishing what they had so long worshipped. They said to the missionary Sahib, 'You do it.' But the Sahib rightly replied, 'No, that is your duty and privilege.'"

"A lame man was in the company waiting there to be baptized, and he said, 'I am not afraid to destroy the shrine.' So someone put a



mattock in his hands, and two men carried him up to the shrine and he demolished it. Thus encouraged, the people all set to work, and made short work of all the *thans*, both public and private. Then we had the baptismal ceremony."

At this point there arises a man with short cropped hair, and not a prepossessing countenance. He is a *Chaudhri*, a layman, and a great soul-winner. In the past six years he had been instrumental in converting a thousand people. Hear him:

"I have a question to ask. A neighboring *Chaudhri*, an acquaintance of mine, came to my house one day a few weeks ago and as he was still a heathen I did not ask him to eat with me, and did not offer my *huqqa* (pipe) to him. He asked why I treated him thus, and I replied that we belonged to the Christian brotherhood now and that as he and his people had not joined it, we could not be on the same intimate terms as previously. My question is—Did I do right in taking this course?"

The missionary questions in turn: "What effect did this have on the heathen *Chaudhri*?"

"He asked me to come to his village and explain Christianity to his people. So I went, and they became enquirers. They will be asking for baptism shortly."

"In that case," concludes the missionary, "I think your conduct is abundantly justified, though, of course, this matter of eating and drinking is not one that vitally concerns us Christian people."

With this opinion all the *Chaudhris* agree, and then Baldeo (meaning the strength of God), a fine looking *Chaudhri*, gets up to speak:

"You will be interested, brothers, to hear that at our Epworth League Rally last month a Hindu *Pandit* (a religious teacher among the high caste Hindus) volunteered to make a speech at the close of our meeting, in which he said that Jesus Christ is superior to all other incarnations and prophets from the beginning of time."

This calls forth the great victory hymn—

"Jai Prabhu Yisu."—

"Hail Lord Jesus."

Next a man tells the meeting that he has a strange experience to relate:

"Recently I visited a village far away from any with which my duties as *Chaudhri* are connected. I found the people of our caste unusually ready for the Message, and asked them if they had been visited by any of the regular mission workers. They said no, and I inquired how it was that they were so prepared for the Gospel. They replied that Christ had, Himself, taught them. Now I think that is possible, but I wish to know what the *Padri Sahib* thinks of it."

The missionary answers:

"I, too, think it is possible. God's Holy Spirit is convicting men

of sin as never before, and the Lord Jesus—according to His own statement—is standing at the door of men's hearts and knocking. He is the great Enlightener—why should He not have been shining into the hearts of those people? This is God's great day for the poor and out-cast people in India who are hungering for God and calling on Him with great earnestness. The Heavenly Father has many ways of teaching and saving his children."



This reply is thoroughly in accord with their own clear, simple faith, and the question receives no further discussion.

"You are right, Sahib," remarks one of the most advanced as well as devoted *Chaudhris* in the district, "about the heart hunger of the people. In the town where I live, the people of several castes come night after night to hear the story of Christ's life in song. We have several good singers among our Christians, and one man who has a heart for poetry has put the story of Christ's birth, death and resurrection into poetic form. These compositions we sing, using tunes that are old familiar ones to the people. The people gather under the big *Pipal*



tree after their work is done, and our service of song continues until eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

"One of our Christians, while the story of Christ's sufferings is being rendered in song, puts on a crown of thorns, places the sharp point of a spear against his side, and holds a cross with nails in it in his hands. We who are Christians are moved to tears by the wonderful story, but it is remarkable to see how some of the heathen people weep as they listen. Night after night they ask us to continue, and we are doing so. I think, Sahib, if those people could be given a regular teacher, many of them would soon be ready for baptism."

There is no time at this meeting, to hear experiences from others of the *Chaudhris*.

"Brethren," says the missionary, deeply stirred by all he has heard that day, "this is a wonderful work you men are doing. My heart is greatly encouraged. Remember that you are doing it for God and not merely for the Mission. In the great shortage of paid workers, you *Chaudhris* are the hope of the Church. We are waiting for help from America to train and put on more workers, and we have faith that God will hear our cry and send us the needed help. In the meantime, let every *Chaudhri* get all the Christian teaching he can, so as to be a better workman for God and a wiser leader for his people."

Our missionaries in India are in love with the *Chaudhris*!





## GANGA DAS THE PUSHED-BACK

“PADRI SAHIB, why do you Christians obey only half of Christs’ great command?”

The words startled me. I had not noticed the approach of anyone. I was sitting under a large *Pipal* tree on the outskirts of a village, waiting for the mission ox-cart, with the tents, bedding, cooking utensils and supplies to arrive. My bicycle, on which I had already made the tour of three villages that day, was leaning against the tree, while I read Indian proverbs from a little book recently printed by our Methodist Publishing House at Lucknow.

I looked up and saw a tall, angular man of the *Chamar* (leather dresser) caste. There was meaning in his face.

“Why, my brother, these are strange words of yours! What do you mean?”

“Do you give your servant liberty to speak from the heart?” he asked.

“Speak on, my friend, you will not offend me.”

“Then, Sahib, my meaning is this. I am told—for we people do not read—that your Holy Book tells how Christ gave a last great commandment to His people, instructing them to go into all the world, to preach the Gospel, and baptize the people.

“Yes, my brother, and so we have come.”

“But you only preach, and will not baptize!”

“I do not understand you,” I replied, knowing that we had baptized two thousand people in that district that very year.

“Then do you not know of the great gathering of three thousand of us *Chamars* last month?”

I recalled hearing about it and saw the purport of his drive. A great desire came over me to see the village where the people had met.



"Where did the people assemble on that occasion?" I asked.

"You see that cluster of bamboos across the plain? The village is just beyond. If you could only come, Sahib and see the place," he concluded, "Ganga Das (Slave of the Ganges) is at your service."

I got up and went with him through the patchwork of fields, along the narrow paths, trodden smooth and hard by countless village feet. It was from such foot paths that the birds in the *Parable of the Sower* could so readily "devour" the scattered seed. In half an hour we were at a good sized village. My guide skirted one edge of it and took me to the *Chamar Mohulla* (ward). I noticed that the *thans* (shrines) were still there and that the children wore heathen amulets. He led on to a large piece of open ground adjoining the village. An old gnarled *Nim* tree, whose stubby branches gave evidence that the goats had enjoyed many a leafy meal from its huge arms, was on the edge of the plain. Under this tree my companion took his stand.

"Here is the place, Sahib," he said. On this plain three thousand of us men spent a whole day a few weeks ago. We came from fifty villages scattered in these regions, and, if our women and children be counted, we represented about fifteen thousand persons."

"And you talked about becoming Christians?"

"Not only talked about it but considered the matter fully and decided to make Christianity our religion. The *Sar-Panch* (president) of each council and all our *Chaudhris* (village headmen) agreed to make this great change. We thought it best for us all to become Christians at once, and so avoid persecution, and also be able to continue our work of leather tanning and shoe making without a boycott."

It was true that there could be no boycott when every leather dresser and shoemaker in the region went over in a body to Christianity.

"Well, Ganga Das, we are glad that you were led to so wise and momentous a decision."

"But I speak for my people," he said abruptly, "when I say that we wish we had not done it!"

I saw that he was much moved.

"Why is this?" I exclaimed.

"Because your *Kalisiya* (Church) has refused to baptize us. It is as I said, you obey only half of Christ's command!"

"But," I inquired, "did Puran Mal and Masih Pershad, the preachers-in-charge, tell you that we would never baptize you?"

"It was all the same as if they had said so. They told us, when our Committee waited upon them later, that we would have to wait; that there were no extra funds in the hands of the Mission Treasurer, and that no more workers could be supported. They stated that the Sahib's orders were that no more people were to be baptized until the Mission could employ more workers. Is that not the same thing?" he ended triumphantly.

"But the Mission hopes to put on more workers some time," I assured him.

"Yes, Sahib," he assented, "but you have to wait for money from *Walayat* (America) which is very far off. I am told they have plenty of money there and are building many large ships the cost of each one being enough to pay the salary of one *lakh* (100,000) Indian preachers for a whole year." (\$50.00 will support a worker for a year).



"Yes, Ganga Das, America is the richest country in the world."

"It must be then, Sahib, that the money there is not in the hands of Christian people."

Before I had a reply ready, he continued:

"But money or no money, your honor, it is too late now. We have changed our minds about becoming Christians. A severe scourge of cholera broke out among our people a week or two after we held the great meeting here, and it must be that our gods are angry with us because we planned to forsake them. Few of our villages were without deaths, and we have had to spend much to placate the offended deities."

A hard look had come into his face, and I realized that it would be useless to argue the matter with him then. He had made his point. For many years our missionaries had preached in those regions the Gospel of "repent and be baptized." And here the number of those who were willing to be baptized had become so great that the Church was compelled to say to thousands of them—"Go back to your villages; we cannot baptize you." To baptize them and leave them with no adequate spiritual shepherding would have been to invite a great subsequent back-sliding into heathenism. Then, indeed, would their latter condition have been worse than before they left heathenism!

Here was a concrete instance of fifteen thousand people disappointed in their attempt to get into the Christian Church. My eyes wandered over the plain where they had held their convention and decided to accept Christianity. There were still signs of the cooking-places used by them. Straw and chaff, left where their oxen had been fed, were still to be found here and there. A few broken pieces of their earthen waterpots were scattered around. Nothing else remained to tell



of the momentous occasion that had called those thousands together, now hardened through their disappointment. I turned to my companion.

"Ganga Das," said I, "we were unable to baptize your people because of our lack of money, missionaries and Indian workers, but don't lose heart, my brother, we still have hope that when our great Church in America hears of this, she will send us such help as will make it possible for us to employ all the needed preachers and teachers. Then we will not have to refuse baptism to any one."

"Perhaps, Sahib," he said in his non-committal oriental way, "but the thing that rankles in our hearts is that we have been pushed back."

Then Ganga Das made an oriental salutation and went back into a mud-walled, thatch-roofed house in the *Chamar* ward. The rank smell of fresh leather being cured was not the only foul odor in the air! Skins were sunning on some dry babool branches, the cots were out in the sun, covered with the uppers of a batch of shoes, and the pipe all daylong presented its long stem to the dull and drowsy smoker. The women and children wore charms against evil spirits, the *than* (shrine) received its daily attentions, filth, ignorance and superstition abounded, and darkness reigned. Ganga Das was *at home*—the home into which we had pushed him back.

Out on the plain I thought of some things that Ganga Das did not know. I looked beyond the plain, and in imagination could see many other plains in distant parts of India. In many other districts our Church had been compelled during that same year to refuse baptism to thousands. Careful estimates that had been made, placed the number at 150,000. They had all been *pushed back*.

The plain before me widens until it stretches to the horizon. The far reaches of it are covered by a dense darkness, and out of that darkness I see countless multitudes struggling forward out of their blackness of night towards the light. They are poor and ragged, they are gaunt and weary, but famine and oppression and the horrors of heathenism are behind them—their faces are towards the light!

But I see a sight that I cannot comprehend. It amazes me, it staggers me, it awes me. Hands—countless hands—reach down from above and begin pushing these people back into the darkness. Some get past the hands; in some places many, in others few. But alas, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands are *pushed back*! I look at the hands. They are *white* hands. I start back—they are like *my* hands! My Father! They are *American hands*!

Then again the empty plain is before me. I retrace my steps, but life can never be the same again. How could it be for one who has gazed upon such a scene of the Great Refusal—the Church refusing baptism to thousands who plead!

In my heart that day, as I gazed on that empty plain, I registered a vow that America should hear of the 150,000 "Ganga Dases" that the Methodist Church had *pushed back*.

# TOUCHING THE UNTOUCHABLES



FIFTY to sixty millions of out-caste people in India have for centuries been regarded as "Untouchables." Their touch is accounted by Hindus to pollute. In earlier days these people were required in some parts of the country to wear vessels tied around their necks when they walked the streets, lest their spittle should defile the roads! These out-castes had to stoop as they passed a well, so that their polluting shadow should not render the water impure! They were compelled to drag branches of trees after them wherever they went, lest their foot-prints remaining should mar the very dust!

The branches of trees and vessels around the necks are no longer required, but by the high caste man the shadow of the "untouchable" is still considered to pollute. No other part of the world can show a social ostracism so cruelly devised or so systematically carried into effect.

What happens when an "untouchable" is *touched*? That depends on who does the touching! Hinduism touched them to trample on them. Islam touched them to offer them the Koran or the Sword. Christ is touching them to transform them.

A few years ago there was in the Punjab a desperate character by the name of Gulu. He was a *thug*, and that means he would stop at nothing to gain his ends. Gulu was touched by Christ, and lo, a transformation! What do you think Gulu became? Strange things happen in India—Gulu became a mighty man of prayer—more, he became one of the great intercessors of God. He would spend hours in pleading for the affairs of the Kingdom, until the perspiration streamed down his face. He had received a *baptism of prayer*.

One day Gulu came to the missionary.

"Sahib," said he, "teach me some geography."

"Why, Gulu, what do *you* want with geography at your age!" was the exclamation of the missionary, and the transformed man replied,



"Your honor, I wish to study geography that I may learn the names of some more places to pray for."

God is waiting to touch and transform ten thousand Gulus all over India. Will the Church help Him to do it?

A missionary in the Telugu land is out on an evangelistic tour through the villages. Among his workers is Nursamma, an evangelist, a woman converted at fifty years of age from among the "Untouchables." A few years ago she used to hide for fear when the missionary came to her village. Now she works by his side.



The missionary has had during the day to refuse three delegations that came pleading for him to go to their villages and teach and baptize them before the plague carried away any more of them. In one case a man fell at his feet and held him around the ankles, in his desperate pleading for a teacher.

The missionary cannot sleep this night. He has gone out under the stars, to commune with his Father. Nursamma's tent is not far away, and as he passes it, he hears her voice. She is pouring out her soul before God. She, who might put to shame the most zealous missionary evangelist, has on her heart tonight the burden of the souls who cry in the darkness for light and must, day after day, be refused their only opportunity.

"O Lord Jesus," she wails, "why did you not call me sooner! Here I am an old woman, with just a few years of service left. *Why* did you not get me when I was young, that I might have given many years of service to the Kingdom? There is so much to do—there are so few workers—O, why did not the missionaries come sooner!"

And the missionary looks up to the Father above, and in very anguish of soul, cries out—"O *why* did we not!"

A man who used to do menial work in the household of a native ruler came under the influence of the Christian message and was converted. Some time after his baptism he came to the missionary and said that his conscience troubled him. He wished to make a confession.

"When I was in the service of the Rajah," said he, "I stole some of the royal gems and buried them within the grounds of the palace. Now that I have become a Christian, I have no peace of mind because of those stolen jewels. I must confess, and yet if I do, I may lose my head! What shall I do, Sahib?"

The missionary advised him to follow the dictates of conscience, confess to the Rajah and take the consequences.

So the man journeyed to the Rajah's capital and appeared at the royal palace. It was with difficulty he persuaded the Rajah that he was neither crazy nor playing a joke. The loss of the jewels was recalled well enough.

"The jewels are buried at the foot of the large tamarind tree, your Majesty," the poor Christian maintained, and finally the Rajah sent some servants with the man, instructing them to dig at the spot indicated.

The jewels were found and forthwith taken, along with the strange man, to the royal master of the palace.

The poor Christian fell at the feet of the Rajah, pleading for mercy.

"What made you tell about these jewels, when no one in the world but yourself knew of them?" asked the Rajah in astonishment. "Why have you put yourself in my power thus?"

"I have found a new religion, your Majesty," said the man, "and it will not allow me to cover up my sin. There is no peace of heart to a Christian who hides sin in his life. I have made this confession because I am a Christian."

"Go," said the Rajah to the surprise of all, "and tell your missionary to send some preachers here to my *raj* (realm) and make some Christians for me, if this is the kind of living your religion makes possible!"

And the Christian, thanking God, returned to the missionary with the message from the Rajah.

Christ's touch has in it still its ancient power to change and uplift—alike in either hemisphere, on either side of the equator. It rests on India today in a new way.





# UNKNOWN DISCIPLES AND SECRET MOVEMENTS



WELL Brother Isa Charan, did you succeed in making converts of the two men?"

"Padri Sahib, the alligators ate them up!"

"Alligators ate them up!" I ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sahib, it was not long after you left us. Let me tell you about it," he continued. I could see he was very much affected.

Isa Charan—which, being interpreted, means *the Feet of Jesus*—was a man of unusual talent, both as a personal worker and a bazaar preacher. His apt illustrations were both original and telling, and his ready wit was equal to all emergencies. It was always a joy to go out on a preaching tour with Isa Charan.

Just the day before, he had gone to a great religious fair held on the banks of the Ganges at a spot considered peculiarly sacred. On the way he had met two men of the Thakur Caste who had traveled two hundred miles on foot in order to be at the mela on the "great day of the feast." Isa Charan soon had them listening with undisguised interest and pleasure to the parables of Christ. If I could put down word for word his rendering of the story of the Prodigal Son, you—Western reader—would see its beauty and power as never before, and for all time to come it would wear for you a richer and fuller meaning. Let him tell the story of the two Thakurs.

"Padri Sahib, those Thakurs were fine men. I told them the whole story of the life of Christ, rendering the part concerning his trial, suffering and death in song, as you have heard me do on several occasions. The Thakurs were deeply moved, and said they had never heard of such love before. One of them said that his heart was pierced by it.

"When we got to the mela, they went at once to the bathing *ghat*, and I accompanied them. Arriving there, we found the people in great excitement. The river-bank was crowded with people. On every hand we heard people exclaiming, 'It was a *magar*! (Alligator). Didn't you see the jaws of the *magar*?' Alligators had appeared in the stream at the bathing place, and the pilgrims scrambled for the banks.

"For a while there was a panic among the pilgrims who had come to take this ceremonial bath at this auspicious time in the sacred *Mother Ganga*, but after a while a woman well on in years stepped into the stream to go through her ablutions. I happened to be near her and said,

"Are you going in? Are you not afraid of being caught by the *magars*?"

"I have come very far," she replied, "and now I cannot go back until I have washed away my sins, even if I do risk being eaten up.

"Emboldened by the woman's courage, and seeing no horny heads or snouts of alligators protruding above the surface of the water, first one, then another, waded cautiously into the stream, and after a while the shore was again lined with bathers.

"Turning to my Thakur companions I noticed that they had walked up the bank a short distance, and were preparing to enter the water. I watched them a moment, then I asked, "Are you going in brothers?"

"Why not?" said one, while the other remarked:

"If the *devi* (goddess) sends a *magar* to take me, who am I that I should try to avoid it!"

"I did not try to dissuade them, Sahib. They were staunch Hindus, and having come the two hundred miles for the express purpose of bathing, they would not be deterred.

"I watched them as they waded in, and said to the one who had listened most intently to my story of Christ, "it is only Jesus Christ who can wash away your sins, O, Thakur brother."

"I am convinced that is so," he said, looking at me earnestly, "I must learn more about this wonderful *Guru* of yours."

"They did not stop on the inner edge of bathers, but went farthest out, until they stood waist deep. Suddenly they both seemed to make one of the ordinary ceremonial plunges, but the moment after, I knew it was not that. They began to struggle and the water was stirred violently.

"Hai! Hai! Hai!" wailed one of them in a deep voice of agony as he was dragged along, and in a moment he was drawn under. I shall never forget his scream of terror. Almost at the same instant the other one, the one to whom I had spoken as he got in—disappeared. But a second or two later his head appeared again and I heard him utter what seemed to me like an appeal to God.

"Then he was gone.

"O, Sahib," said Isa Charan, moved as I had seldom seen him, "that man would have made a splendid Christian!"

"Perhaps the Lord Jesus has accepted him, my brother," I said. "There are in India more believers in Christ, Isa Charan, than we can ever know about, and it is not for us to judge as to whom the Lord accepts or rejects."



"That is so, Padri Sahib," he said brightening. "Did I ever tell you about that poor old Tharu man I came across once up in the forest lands along the borders of Nepal?"

I said I did not remember the incident, and he proceeded to tell me.

"I met him out in his swampy fields, driving a few goats and cows back to the small cluster of mud houses where several Tharu families lived. I noticed a shrine to one of their deities near the hamlet, and asked him why he worshipped these idols. He replied that he did not. I mentioned several other objects of worship on the part of Tharus, but he said he did not worship any of them. He assured me that he was not an idolator at all. Somewhat surprised, I inquired, "Whom do you worship then?"

"I worship a special *Guru*," (Teacher or Master).

"But who is it?"

He did not reply at once, but unwound his turban and began untying a knot in one end of it. When he had opened it, he carefully took out a small piece of folded paper. This he smoothed out with great care and showed me some writing on it in faded ink.

"This is the one I worship," he exclaimed.

"And whose name is this?" I asked as I examined the faded writing.

"I don't remember," was his reply. "I have forgotten the name, but it is the name of my *Guru*, and him I worship."

"I found written on the paper the name—Yisu Masih (Jesus Christ)."  
I spoke it aloud in astonishment.

"That's it, that's it," he exclaimed, "he is my *Guru*—Yisu Masih!"

■ "Where did you get this?" I asked.

"Years ago, a Walayati (foreign) Padri Sahib wrote it down for me, after he had told me how Yisu Masih gave his life for us all. I told him I might forget the name, and asked him to put it down for me. I did forget, and no one around here could read it for me, but I have prayed to him every day since then. I may forget the name again, but I do not forget my *Guru*. I worship only him."



"That old man, so utterly ignorant and cut off from the world was a true follower of Christ, was he not Sahib?" asked Isa Charan of me.

"I am sure he was," said I. "I think he was following hard after the Lord."

"I think there must be many such in my circuit," said the worker.

"Let me tell you of an experience I had not long ago," I continued.

"I just missed my train at an important junction one day and had to wait over from noon till evening. During the course of the afternoon I had been going from one group of waiting passengers to another, and at the far end of one of the platforms I came across a 'holy man' absorbed in the pages of a large book.

"What do you read, my brother," I inquired.

"I am reading," replied he slowly as he studied my face, 'that which alone will endure the test of time.'

"And what is it," I asked, deeply interested in his reply.

"If you have time to listen, Sir," he said, 'please sit down and let us talk. I will continue reading,' he went on, as I took my seat on the ground near him.

"For he that soweth into the flesh shall out of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth into the Spirit shall out of the Spirit reap life everlasting.'

"But," I exclaimed, 'that is from the New Testament!'

"Yes," he replied, 'and this is our Sanskrit edition of the New Testament. This is the Truth, Sir, that alone will abide.'

"I talked with him till it was time for my train to leave, and found him thoroughly informed on all the essentials of Christianity and orthodox in his faith. He claimed not to have been taught by any missionary, and surprised me by asserting that his sources of truth were independent of and antecedent to all missionary effort.

"Are there many in India who believe as you do?" I asked as I left to catch my train.

"We are numbered by the tens of thousands. We are found all over







India. We are not known as Christians, but the Christ knows us, and we know Him. In the fulness of time, all India shall know us.'

"There was a deep impressiveness to his words that I shall never forget. Since that day I have made the most careful investigation, and have learned that there is in India a great secret movement towards Christianity. In part it is unorganized, including as we all know, thousands of earnest souls who have independently accepted the Christian Scriptures as true but make no public profession and avoid baptism for fear of persecution. We all know such Nicodemuses, but more significant than these are the thousands who are organized in a widespread secret movement.

"Here are some interesting details I have learned. The organization claims a very large membership scattered through many parts of India, the largest number being in the South. Caste plays no part in their life, and among their members they claim to have some of the ruling princes of the land, and also some of the nation's intellectual leaders. They say that their origin takes them back to the Christian era when St. Thomas the Apostle came on a preaching tour to India. They have hundreds of unpaid voluntary preachers, dressed just as some of the Hindu religious teachers are clad. Nothing in their appearance distinguishes them from certain types of Hindu devotees. They have their secret meetings and signs and passwords. They observe the Lord's Supper but do not administer the rite of baptism. They have the entire Bible, translated from the original sources into Sanskrit. They carry on their work secretly, and win a man's allegiance before they ever utter the name of Christ at all. There being no baptismal ceremony, there is no public profession of faith. They are not in sympathy with western types of Church organizations, holding that far more simpler forms of organized life will suit the needs of the Church in the Orient. Their form of government is essentially episcopal. They intend to announce themselves throughout India when they feel that the right time has come—when they are strong enough to weather all opposition. They believe that a religious revolution will sweep over India when they make themselves known, and they look to all India becoming Christian. The time, they say, is drawing very near."

"Do you think, Sahib," asked Isa Charan, "that the man you talked with at the station was one of their preachers?"

"I am convinced that he was," I replied, "and here is a little corroborative testimony. I have learned that the last name of every one of their preachers is Nand (happy). When I asked the name of the man at the station, he said it was Sada Nand!"

"Then, Sahib," he continued, "do you believe what you have been told about this organized secret movement?"

And I answered, "I believe that there is such an organized movement, and much of what I have heard sounds true enough to me. I have no means, however, of proving to myself the truth of all that I have been told. But this I will say, I have had some inside information from those who ought to know. As to the numbers involved, no man can say, but I am inclined to think that there will be a revolution in the religious life of India when the known and unknown multitudes of secret disciples make a public declaration and boldly take their stand with the acknowledged forces of Christianity in this land."

"Sahib," said the worker, all aglow with eager interest, "I think you are right. There is a great day for India drawing near!"

"Yes, my brother," said I, "and it may be nearer than any of us think possible!"





# THE POLICEMAN AND THE DYING BABY



A POLICEMAN on his beat in one of our Indian cities noted that a certain house where a young Hindu widow lived had remained shut for two or three days. Cholera was daily carrying off its victims, and he concluded that it would be best to make an investigation. He pushed open the door of the little house, and this was what he found: On the mud floor, stretched on an old cotton quilt, the lifeless body of the young mother. She must have been dead two days. On her breast a child of about a year was trying to nurse!

Don't turn away from this picture! Stop and look at it. You need to—especially if you are an American! It has much to tell you. It symbolizes in a striking way the real situation in India today. More than three hundred millions of God's little ones in that land are trying to nurse at the dead breast of paganism, idolatry, and Islam. You and I are in the place of the policeman—we have found out what is happening.

What did the policeman do? Was he angry at the poor woman? O, no, that would have been folly—she was *dead*. Was he disgusted with the little child? O, no, that would have been cruel, heartless, unreasonable. Even his "heathen" heart was touched with compassion at the sight of the poor, helpless baby. He knew about a mission hospital, where kind-hearted American missionaries were always engaged in their labors of mercy and help. He took the baby there, and when he had told the sad story, there was a home, and food, and love for the half-starved and dying baby.

That is what the "heathen" policeman did. What will you do? This question you are asked here in behalf of India's three hundred and fifteen millions. They are starving, dying, as they try to nurse at the lifeless breast of the only Faiths they have ever had a chance to know. It is sure starvation for them to continue the effort to prolong life thus. They don't know enough to give up the vain attempt! Will you stand by and see them perish? You may be ten thousand miles away, but if you know what is happening, and are able to help, you are standing in the place of the policeman that day.



It may not be required of you to go to India and give your life to missionary work—God knows whom He needs for that and will make it clear to them. It certainly is not necessary for hundreds of thousands of missionaries to go to India. We do need enough more—five hundred, or so, men and women—to take the initiative and provide the supervision demanded by the work. Along with this need is the equally great one of training and employing thousands of additional Indian workers. They can best reach their own people, but they need training, and for that and for their salaries we must have money.

There is Isa Charan, who had the experience with the alligators. How could that splendid man be at work for the salvation of his countrymen, if some one had not supplied the money to train him and, later, support him? How much does it take to support him? Well, you *will* be surprised when you learn! *Sixty dollars a year does it!*

There is Nursamma, yearning over the multitudes of her own unsaved people, and pouring out her agonized prayer before God in the darkness of her tent at midnight. *Four dollars a month* are sufficient to keep her at her great work.

There was little Ganesh in the village, taken from wallowing in the pond and from the back of a buffalo to a mission school, and then on to high school and college. *Two dollars and a half a month* paid all his bills in school! Was he not worth it?

And can you forget Ganga Das, the “pushed-back”? Was it not for the want of a few teachers and preachers that he and his fifteen thousand people were left in their darkness? Should we continue to refuse their call because the big guns must be kept booming in the cause of democracy?

Then there are the “exploits” of the great *Sword*, that Word of God, which has won so many notable victories for our Lord in India. We need to make our Christian publishing agencies in India, both as to equipment and endowment, strong enough to deal with any possible situation that may develop in that rapidly changing land.

In addition to all this, we must plan for an adjustment of our educational work to the changed conditions in new India. This, even more than in the matter of our publishing agencies, calls for large sums of money and statesman-like planning. Our primary and secondary educational systems must be re-organized, and our higher education must be put on a more secure and efficient basis. Such work as we are doing through the Isabella Thoburn College at the “Ruby Garden” in Lucknow, and through that magnificent institution for men, the Lucknow Christian College, must be carried to the highest point of efficiency. This must be done at once, and at *all costs!* The large plans of the Centenary Program have not come a day too soon.

Now, listen to a statement that will astound you. The cost of firing a single fourteen-inch shell, including wear and tear on the big gun, is



enough to support more than a hundred native workers in India for a whole year! The same amount would provide food, clothing, and tuition for two hundred boys and for an entire year in any of our schools in India. The cost of the war *daily* to just one of our allies is as much as our Methodist Episcopal Church has sent out to our mission fields throughout the world in the last *twenty years*! And America is talking of spending anywhere from twelve to eighteen *billions* of dollars on the war during 1918! Do not the "askings" of our mission fields pale into insignificance in contrast with such stupendous figures? Yes, and that is no reason for failing to meet them!

The hour of opportunity in India—as on our other mission fields—coincides with the hour of democracy's peril in the world. It may look like a strange providence. The question-mark looms larger on our human horizon than ever before in the world's history. Yet the great question, after all, is not whether God has taken His hand off the world, but whether His people will acknowledge the supremacy of the Kingdom of God in human affairs, and *seek it first*. The interests of democracy do not clash with those of God's Kingdom, and never will—unless in our zeal for democracy we forget the Kingdom of God, or relegate it to a secondary place.

India prepares to acknowledge the supremacy of Christ. From the wreck of the centuries she gathers herself and turns her face to God. It is God's hour for India: it is India's hour for God.

Let the words of a Hindu ascetic close these pages. He was dressed in the saffron robe of his class, and read from the pages of a Sanskrit book. A missionary met him, and they engaged in conversation. They talked in the Hindi language of the things that are eternal. Their words became a bond of sympathy between them. Then the Hindu surprised the missionary by dropping his Hindi, and speaking in fluent English. He put aside the Sanskrit volume, and from a bag took out a bundle carefully wrapped in cloth. This he undid, and produced a copy of the New Testament. Now, listen to his words—he speaks for the new India:

"There is this difference between Christ and the other religions of the world: all the others are passing away or will pass away. Christ alone will remain."





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